



ISSUE

#6

\$3.99

# ALIENS DEFIANCE

BRIAN WOOD  
TRISTAN JONES  
DAN JACKSON



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WHILE LOOKING FOR SURVIVORS in an Alien-infested fueling depot, **ZULA HENDRICKS** and Davis discover a lone medical officer, Dr. Hollis, hiding in the bowels of the station. Her research skills and firsthand knowledge of the xenomorph scourge are invaluable to the mission, but the arrival of a heavily armed squad of Colonial Marines threatens to cut things short.



SCRIPT  
**BRIAN WOOD**

ART  
**TRISTAN JONES**

COLORS  
**DAN JACKSON**

LETTERING  
**NATE PIEKOS  
OF BLAMBOT®**

COVER  
**MASSIMO  
CARNEVALE**

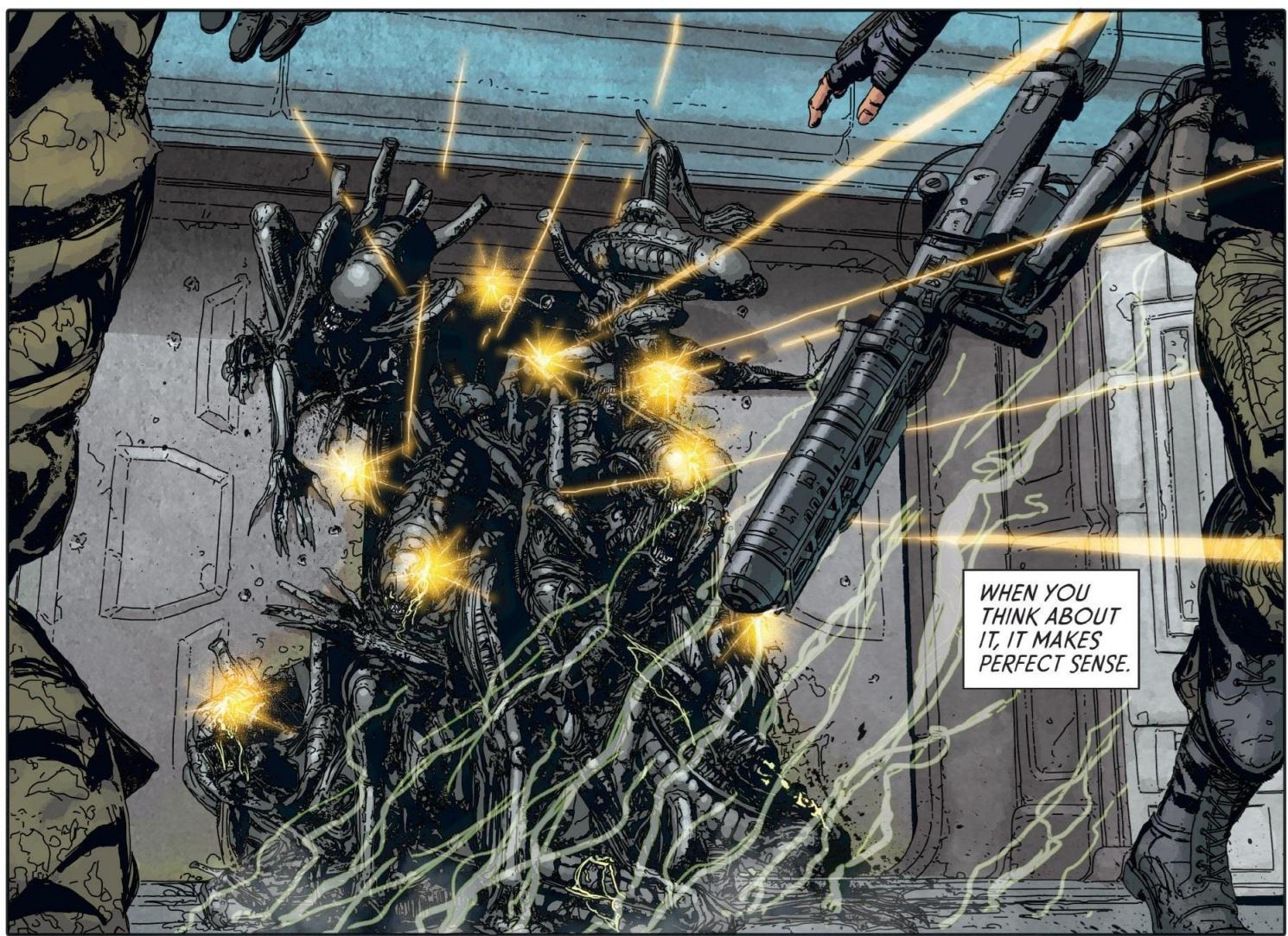
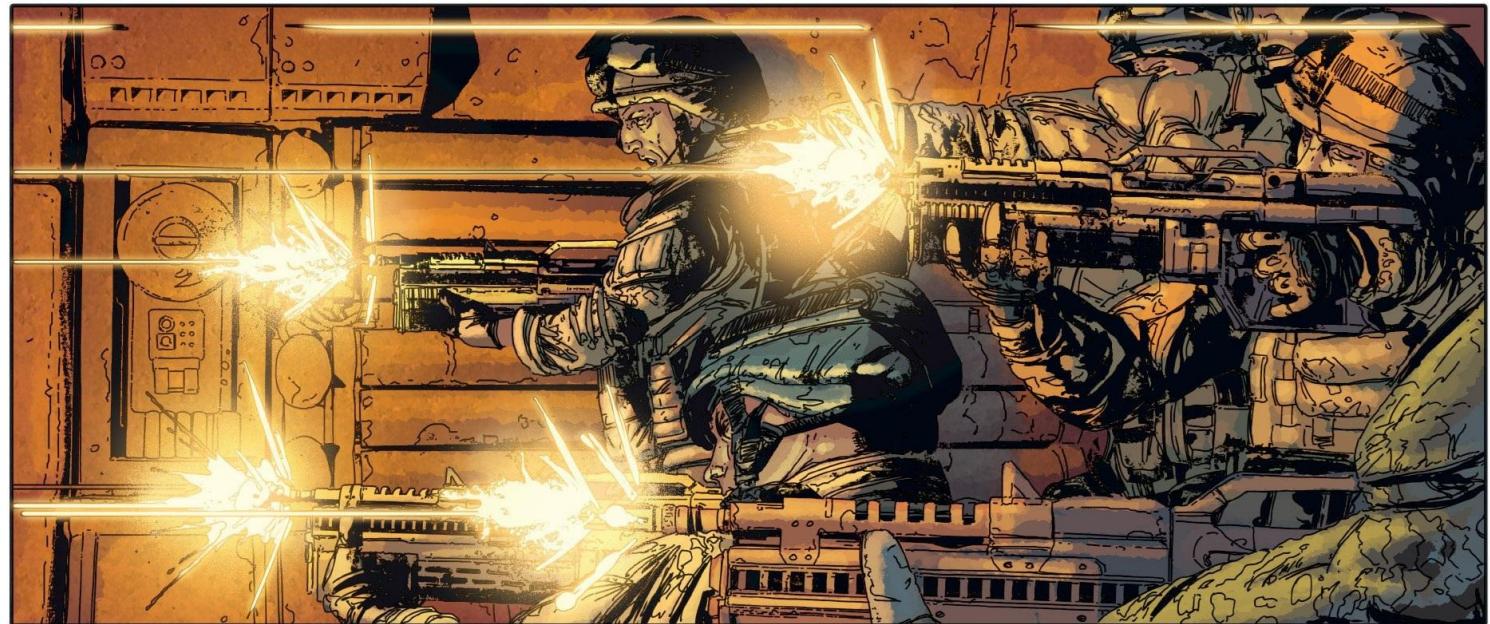
SPECIAL THANKS TO JOSH IZZO AND NICOLE SPIEGEL AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

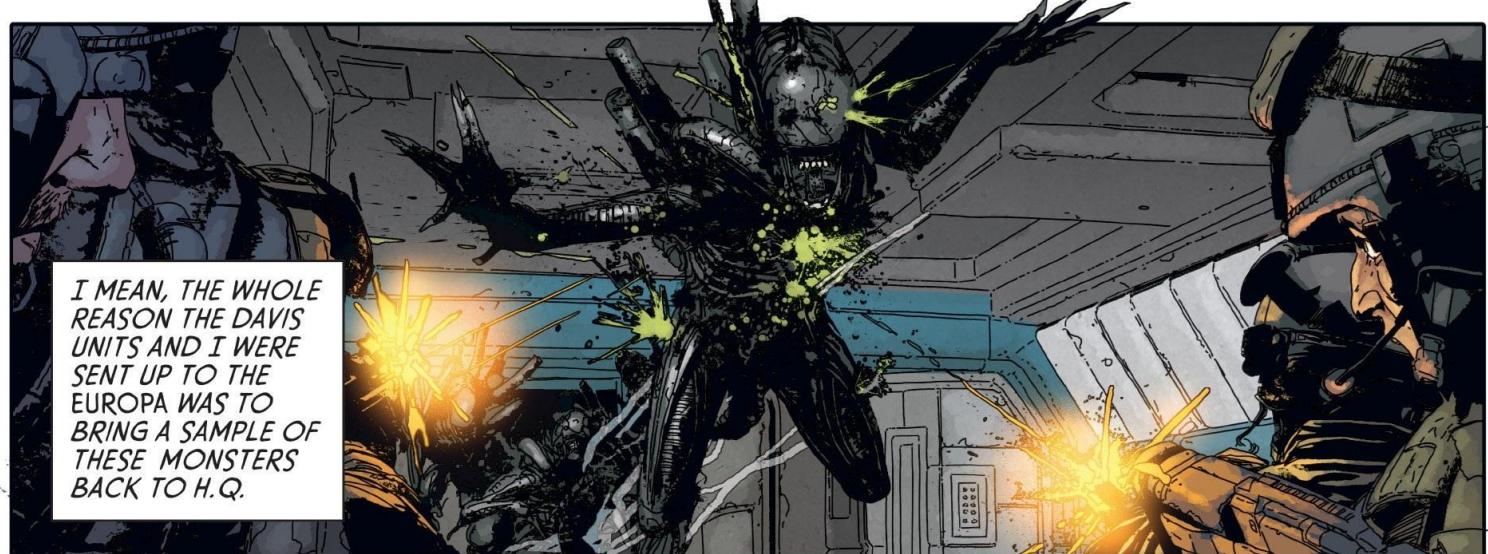
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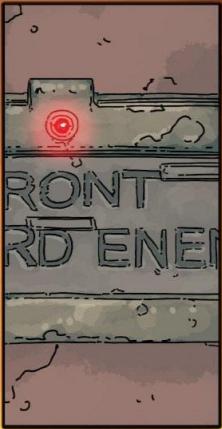


BUT YOU KNOW, SCREW THEM.  
TRANQUILITY'S MADE PRECISELY  
ZERO ATTEMPTS TO TALK TO US.  
BUT COUNTING THIS? TWO OR  
THREE ATTEMPTS TO KILL US.

WHICH IS A STARK ILLUSTRATION  
OF JUST HOW MUCH THEY FAVOR  
GETTING A HUNK OF THIS ALIEN  
D.N.A. OVER EVERYTHING ELSE.



CAN YOU THINK  
OF A WORSE  
PLACE TO BE?



DARK HORSE COMICS AND 20th CENTURY FOX PRESENT

SCRIPT BRIAN WOOD

ART TRISTAN JONES

COLORS DAN JACKSON

LETTERING NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

ALIENS  
DEFIANCE

EPISODE SIX INCUBATION

DO YOU HEAR THAT?

HEAR WHAT?

EXPLOSIONS.  
AND NOT THAT FAR AWAY,  
EITHER.  
250 METERS. NO, 275 METERS.

THAT'S PRECISE.

THE ALIENS CAN MOVE FASTER THAN WE CAN, HOLLIS.

WORKING ON THAT.

IT'S NOT A COMPLICATED SITUATION. GET US TO THE EUROPA VIA THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE POSSIBLE.

A DIRECT ROUTE TAKES US THROUGH TOO MANY COMMON AREAS, SECTIONS OF THE STATION PROBABLY ALREADY CRAWLING WITH THOSE CREATURES.

WE CAN TAKE ONE OF THE EMERGENCY EVAC ROUTES. TROUBLE IS--

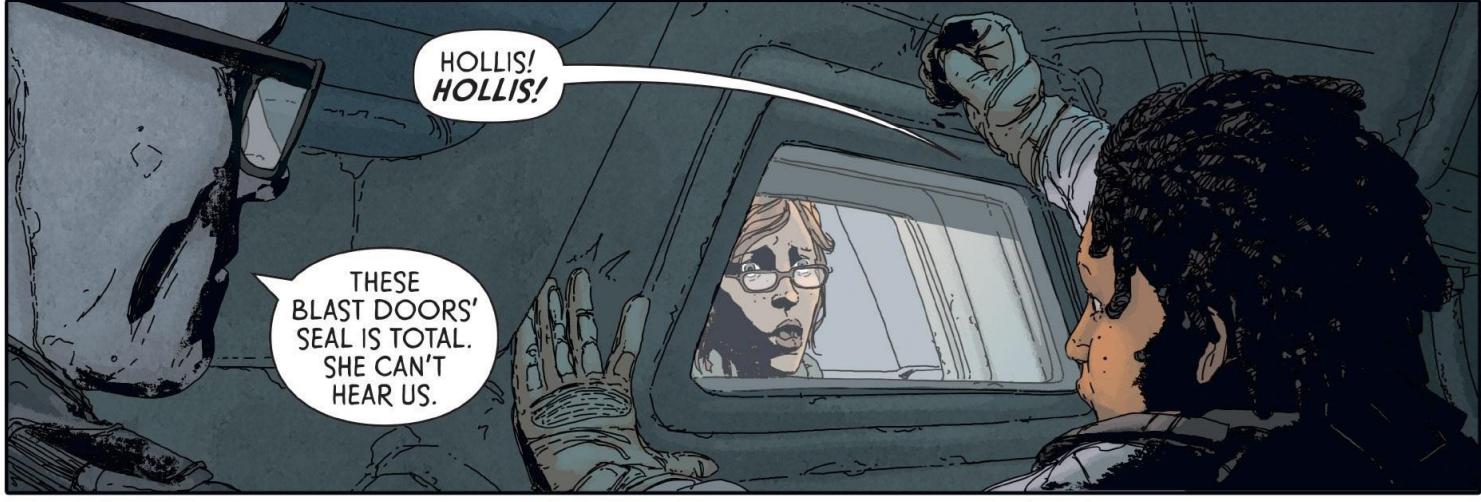
CHUNNING

I THINK I JUST TRIGGERED A CONTAINMENT EVENT PROTOCOL.







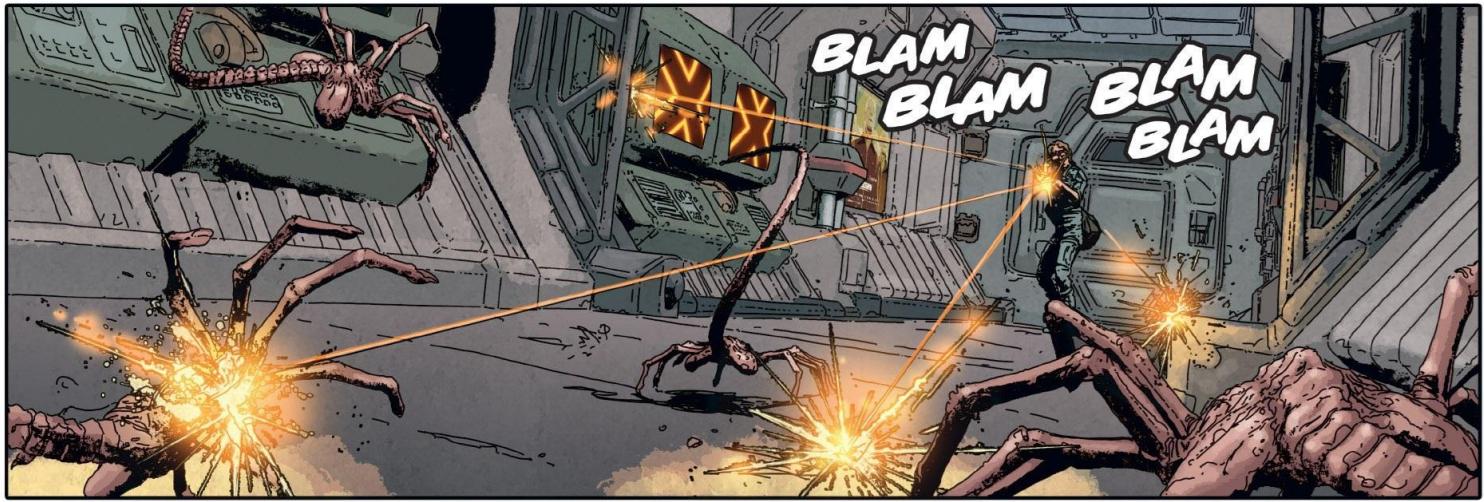


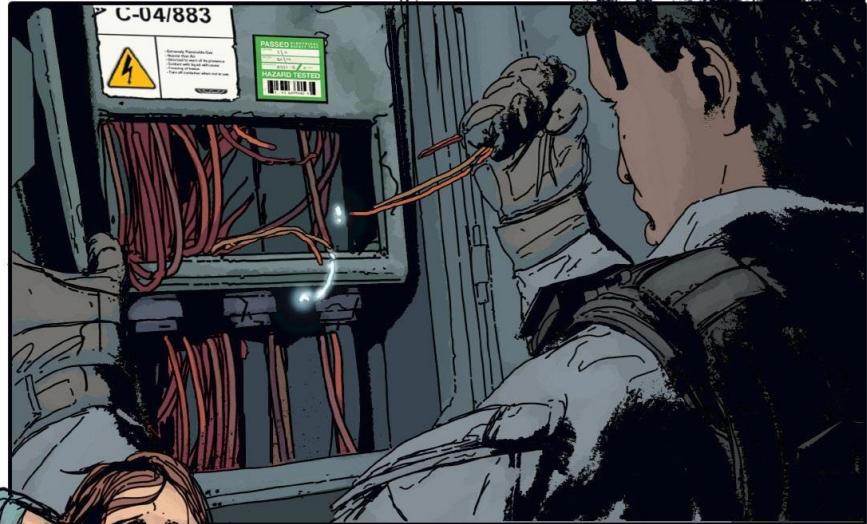
HOLLIS!  
HOLLIS!

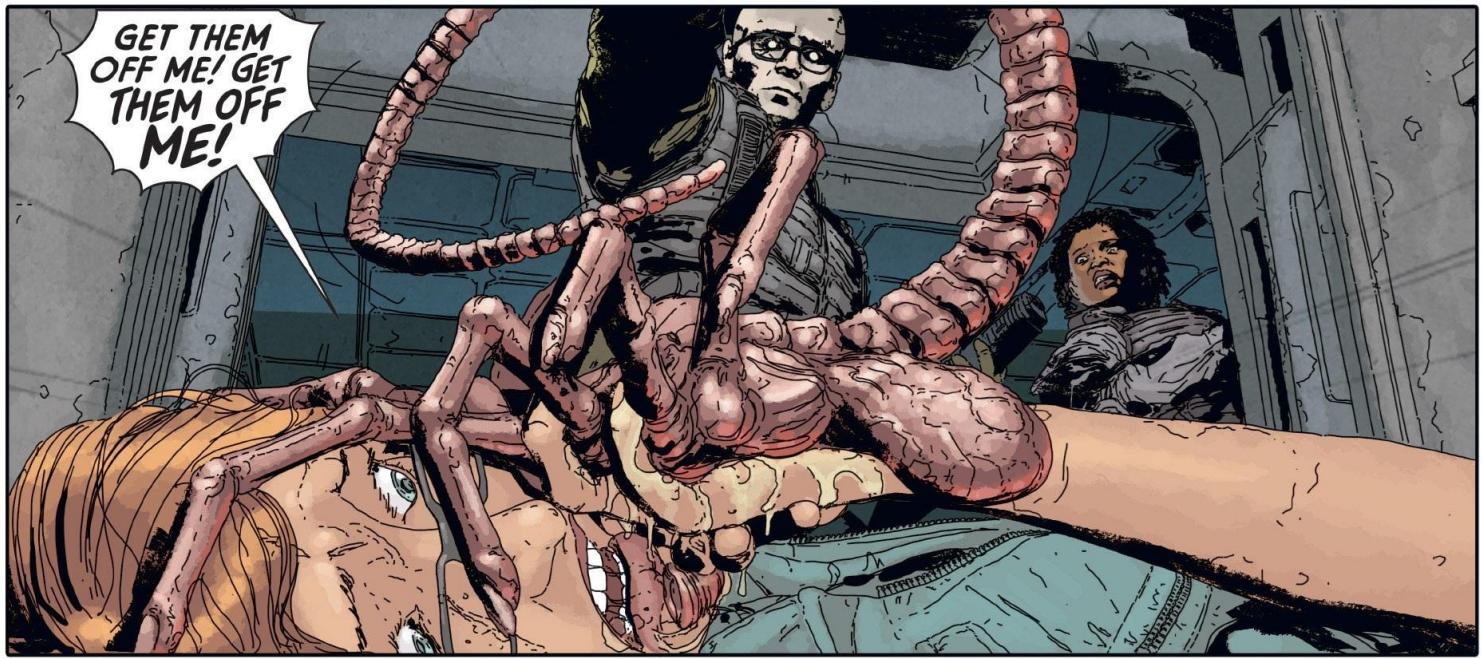
THESE  
BLAST DOORS'  
SEAL IS TOTAL.  
SHE CAN'T  
HEAR US.



THOSE  
THINGS...  
WE HAVE  
TO GET  
THE DOOR  
OPEN.











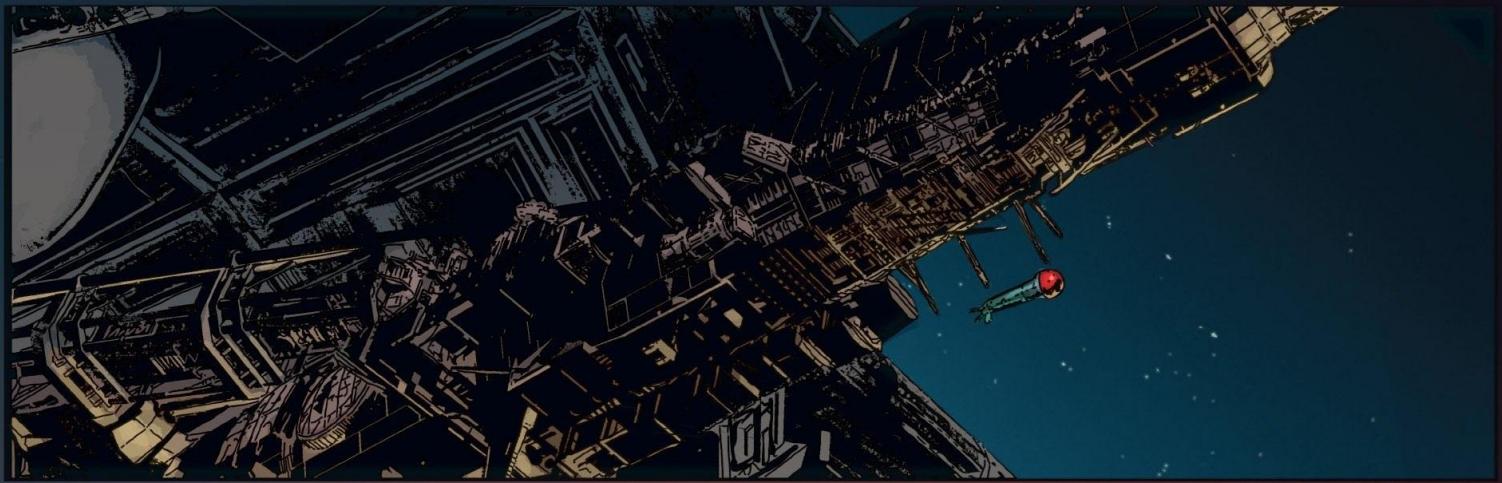
"IT'S A  
LITTLE MORE  
COMPLICATED,  
BUT BROADLY  
SPEAKING,  
YES."

DAVIS...









HOLLIS'S ORIGINAL PLAN WAS SIMPLY TO EXPOSE THE INFECTED AREAS OF THE STATION TO VACUUM.

BUT ONCE WE WERE ABLE TO CONFIRM BEYOND DOUBT THAT THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS ANYWHERE ABOARD THE WRIGHT-ABERRA FUEL DEPOT, SHE GOT CREATIVE.

RUNNING THE OXYGEN GENERATORS AT OVERLOAD CAPACITY FOR AN HOUR AND IGNITING THE MILLION-PLUS TONS OF FUEL ON HAND, WE ESSENTIALLY TURNED THE STATION INTO A MASSIVE THERMOBARIC EVENT.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FUEL-AIR BOMB.

ARE YOU OKAY?

NOT REALLY.

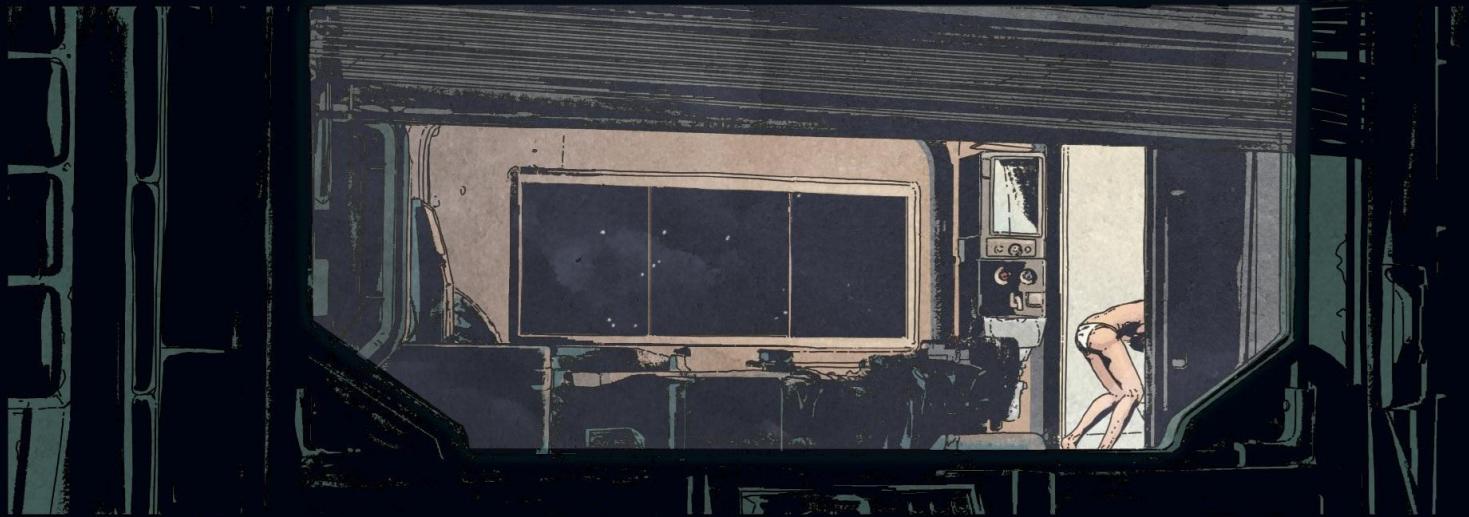
I DEACTIVATED THE SUBROUTINES I'VE BEEN WORKING ON. MY EMOTIONAL SPECTRUM PROGRAMMING.

FOR GOOD?

FOR NOW. IT WAS OVERWHELMING.

DO ME A FAVOR?

TURN IT BACK ON.





PRETTY SURE I  
RECYCLED THAT  
LINE FROM  
SOMETHING DR.  
YANG SAID. IT  
SOUNDED LIKE  
CRAP TO ME AT  
THE TIME, WHICH  
WAS IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A  
REALLY PAINFUL  
ROUND OF  
SPINAL THERAPY.



ASSUMING DR. YANG'S  
RIGHT, MY MOBILITY WILL  
JUST KEEP DEGRADING  
WITHOUT THERAPY.



BUT ALL I WANT TO  
DO IS KEEP RUNNING,  
KEEP THE MISSION ALIVE,  
KEEP FIGHTING. BACK  
ON LUNA, I WAS SO  
ASHAMED OF MY BRACE.  
I WOULD AVOID  
CONVERSATIONS, AVOID  
EYE CONTACT. I'D  
SPEND TWENTY HOURS  
A DAY IN BED.



NOW, I'VE NEVER BEEN  
SO SURE I'M DOING  
THE RIGHT THING. NO  
MATTER WHAT IT DOES  
TO MY BODY.



BUT  
WITH THE RIGHT  
COMPANY, THE  
BAD'S JUST ABOUT  
BEARABLE.

